

15 Words 15c

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(Continued.)

We stopped that night near the road and at a wayside inn or roadside of logs kept by a most interesting man. He served us an excellent meal, including real eggs, and afterward joined us around the fire. He was an Italian, short, strongly built, with close curly hair, a rolicking, good natured face, and with tiny gold rings in his ears. Johnny and he did most of the talking, while we listened. No part of the civilized world seemed to have been visited by this pair. Johnny mentioned Paris. Our host added an intimate detail as to some little street. London appeared to be known to them from one end to the other. Berlin, Edinburgh, St. Petersburg, even, and a host of other little fellows whose names I never knew before and cannot remember now. They swapped reminiscences of the streets, the restaurants and the waiters and proprietors thereof; the alleys and byways, the parks and little places. I knew in a general way that Johnny had done the grand tour, but the Italian with his good earnings and his strong, brown, good humored peasant face puzzled me completely. How came he to be so traveled, so intimately traveled? He was no sailor. That I soon determined.

The two of them became thoroughly interested, but after a time the native courtesy of the Italian asserted itself. He evidently thought we might feel left out of it, though I think the others were, like myself, quite fascinated. "You like music?" he smiled at us engagingly. "I getta my Italian diddler?"

He arose at our eager assent, pushed aside a blanket that screened off one end of the log cabin and produced his "Italian diddler"—a hand organ!

At once the solution of the wide wandering among the many cities, the intimate knowledge of streets and of public places burst upon my comprehension. I could see only best looking upward, his strong, white teeth flashing in an ingratiating, fascinating smile, his right arm revolving with the crank of his organ, his little brown monkey with the red coat and the anxious face clambering—

Next morning we crossed the overland trail and plunged into a country of pine, of high hills, of deep canyons and bold, rocky ridges. The open spaces we had left behind and the great beats. Water flowed in almost every ravine, and along its courses grew green grass and wild flowers.

CHAPTER XV.

The Strike.

WE awoke the fourth morning to a bright day. The helmeted quail were calling. The bees were just beginning a sun warmed hum among the bushes. A languorous warmth hung in the air and a Sunday stillness. It was as though we awakened to a new world, untrodden by men, which was, indeed, a good deal the case.

While we ate breakfast we discussed our plans. The necessity, of course, was to find out about gold. To that end we agreed to separate for the day, prospecting far and wide. Bagsby kept camp and an eye on the horses. He displayed little interest in the gold proposition, but insisted strongly that we carry both our rifles and revolvers. It would be difficult to describe the thrill of anticipation with which I set off up the valley. The place was so new, so untouched, so absolutely unknown. The high ridges on either side frowned down austere on the little meadows that smiled back quite unabashed. As I crossed the brown, dry meadow toward the river a covey of quail whirled away before me, lit and paced off at a great rate. Two big grouse roared from a thicket. The river was a beautiful, clear stream, with green wavy water whirling darkly in pools or breaking white among the stones. As my shadow fell upon it I caught a glimpse of a big trout scurrying into the darkness beneath a boulder. Picking my way among the loose stones, I selected a likely place on the bar and struck home my pick.

I have since repeated the sensations of that day—on a smaller scale, of course—in whipping untold trout waters, same early excitement and enthusiasm, same eager sustained persistence in face of failure, same incredulous slowing down, same ultimate discouragement, disbelief and disgust. All that day I shoveled and panned.

The early morning freshness soon dissipated. Between the high mountain walls the heat reflected. All the quail stood beneath the shade of bushes, their beaks half open, as though panting. The birds that had sung so sweetly in the early morning had somewhere sought repose. I could occasionally catch glimpses of our horses dozing under trees. Even the chirping insects were still. As far as I could make out I was the only living thing foolish enough to stay abroad and awake in that suffocating heat. The sweat dripped from me in streams. My eyes ached from the glare of the sun on the rocks and the bleached grasses. Toward the close of the afternoon I confessed sneakily to myself that I was

it a little glad I had found no gold and that I hoped the others had been equally unfortunate. The thought of working day after day in that furnace heat was too much for me.

My hopes were fulfilled. All came in that night tired, hot, dirty and discouraged. Not one of the eight of us had raised a sign of color.

"Well," said Bagsby philosophically, "that's all right. We've just got to go higher. Tomorrow we'll move up-stream."

Accordingly next day we turned at right angles to our former route and followed up the bed of the canyon ten or twelve miles toward the distant main ranges.

About 4 o'clock we camped. The flat was green. Little clumps of cedar pushed out across it. The oaks had given place to cottonwoods. We had now to make acquaintance with new birds.

The following morning we went prospecting again. My instructions were for the dry washes in the sides of the hills. Accordingly I scrambled up among the boulders in the nearest V shaped ravine. I had hardly to look at all. Behind a large boulder lay a little cuplike depression of stones in which evidently had stood a recently evaporated pool of water and which in consequence was free from the usual dusty rubble. In the interstices between the stones my eye caught a dull glitter. I fell on my knees, dug about with the point of my bowie knife and so unearthed small nuggets aggregating probably a half ounce in weight.

Although mightily tempted to stay for more, I minded our agreement to report promptly the first discovery and started back to camp. Why I did not come a header in that fearful boulder strewn wash I cannot tell you. Certainly I took no care of my going, but leaped recklessly from rock to rock like a goat. When I reached the flat I ran, whooping like an Indian. From the river I could see Johnny and Buck Barry running, leaping and jumping enough to laugh as it occurred to me they must think us attacked by Indians. Far down the stream I could just make out figures I knew to be Yank and McNally. They, too, seemed to be coming to camp, though I could not imagine that my shouts had carried so far.

I burst in on Bagsby, who was smoking his pipe and leisurely washing the breakfast dishes, with a whoop, lifted him bodily by the shoulders, whirled him around in a clumsy dance. He aimed a swipe at me with the wet dishcloth that caught me across the eyes.

"You tarnation young grizzly bear!" said he.

I wiped the water from my eyes. Johnny and Buck Barry ran up. Some how they did not seem to be anticipating an Indian attack after all. Johnny ran up to thump me on the back. "Isn't it great?" he cried. "Right off the reel! First pop! Bagsby, old sport, you're a wonder!" He started for Bagsby, who promptly rushed for his long rifle.

"I'm going to kill the first lunatic I see," he announced.

Johnny laughed excitedly and turned back to thump me again.

"How did you guess what it was?" I asked.

"Didn't. Just blundered on it."

"What?" I yelled. "Have you struck it?"

"First shovel," said Johnny. "But you don't mean—"

I thrust my three nuggets under his eyes.

"Say," broke in Buck Barry, "if you

"Ah, also you have found the gold!" cried Don Gaspar, sensing immediately the significance of our presence. "We too. It is of good color, there above by the bend." His eye widened as he saw what Yank held. "Madre de Dios!" he murmured.

McNally, who had said and done nothing, suddenly uttered a resounding whoop and stood on his hands. Missouri Jones, taking aim, spat carefully in the center of the fire, missing the dispan by a calculated and accurate inch.

"The country is just flowing with gold," he pronounced.

Then we blew up. We hugged each other, we pounded each other's backs, we emulated McNally's wild Irish whoops, finally we joined hands and danced around and around the remains of the fire, kicking up our heels absurdly. Bagsby, a leathery grin on his face, stood off one side. He still held his long barreled rifle, which he presented at who ever neared him.

"I tell you, look out!" he kept saying over and over. "I'm shootin' lunatics today, and apparently there's plenty game to choose from."

Although we did not immediately run into the expected thousands, nor did the promise of that first glorious day of discovery quite fulfill itself, nevertheless our new diggings turned out to be very rich. We fell into routine, and the days and weeks slipped by. Bagsby and one companion went out every day to hunt or to fish. We took turns at a vacation in camp. Every night we "blew" our day's collection of sand, weighed the gold and packed it away. Our accumulations were getting to be very valuable.

For a month we lived this idyllic life quite unmolested and had gradually come to feel that we were so far out of the world that nothing would ever disturb us. The days seemed all alike, clear, sparkling, cloudless. It was my first experience with the California climate, and these things were a perpetual wonder to my New England mind.

Then one day when I was camp keeper at the upper end of our long meadow a number of men emerged from the willows and hesitated uncertainly. They were too far away to be plainly distinguishable, but I believed in taking no chances, so I fired my revolver to attract the attention of my companions. They looked up from their labor, saw the men and promptly came into camp.

The group still hesitated at the edge of the thicket. Then one of them

waived something white. We waved in return, whereupon they advanced slowly in our direction.

As they neared we saw them to be Indians. Their leader held before him a stick to which had been tied a number of white feathers. As they approached us they began to leap and dance to the accompaniment of a weird rising and falling chant. They certainly did not look very formidable with their heterogeneous mixture of clothing, their round, black, stupid faces and their straight hair. Most of them were armed simply with bows and arrows, but three carried specimens of the long Spanish musket.

The Indians said they wanted to trade.

We replied that we saw nothing they might trade with us.

In return they produced some roots and several small bags of pine nuts. We then explained that we were reduced in ammunition and had little food.

Don Gaspar here interpolated hastily, saying that in his judgment it would be absolutely necessary that we made some sort of a present to avoid the appearance of intending an affront.

Buck Barry and Jones seemed instantly to accept this necessity.

"Give them two or three of the saddle blankets," suggested Barry at a moment's thought. "We will have several light horses going out, and if we have to pad the saddles we can give along with skins or something."

We gave our visitors the blankets therefore. They seemed well pleased, arose and shortly made a primitive sort of a camp a short distance out from the thicket. About 5 o'clock our hunters came in with the best meat of a blacktail deer. Bagsby listened attentively to our account of the interview. Then he took a hind quarter of the newly killed buck and departed for the Indians' camp, where he stayed for an hour.

(To Be Continued.)

Owing to the necessity of adjourning court cases whenever some lawyer wants to go fishing the protest against the law's delays will never amount to anything.

WANTED 1,000 MEN

A-1 Tool and Gauge Makers, experienced Adjusters on milling machine work, Assemblers, Filers, Milling, Drilling, Profiling and Lathes Hands, experienced Gun Barrel Drillers, Riflers and Straighteners, also Woodworkers for gunstock department. Men to act as Inspectors who have had five to ten years' shop experience. Highest wages paid. Pick rates now established in most all manufacturing departments. Excellent working conditions. Our plant is the last word in manufacturing lines, sanitary, perfect light, and equipped with the latest type machines.

THE REMINGTON ARMS CO.

Boston Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. D 22 p *

TODAY'S WANTS

MRS. C. M. DONOVAN, THE NURSE, has removed to 727 Irwin street, phone 1083-12. D 28 d *

WANTED TO BUY all kinds of second hand furniture. Geo. F. Toombs, Redfield's old stand, 43 Harrison street. Phone 1015-2. D 21 *tf

REMOVAL—My real estate and insurance office is now located at 179 Golden Hill St. T. B. Warren, new Tel. 2417. R 5 *tf

OWNERS OF REAL ESTATE—Would like to communicate with the owners of property who wish to dispose of same. Have prospective purchasers for large houses, two and three family houses in West End, business property, East Side; also two and three family houses, East Side. M. B. Loller, 196 Fairfield avenue. Phone 907-3. D 28 d *

Positions Wanted

WANTED—As companion to elderly lady or sick person; also housekeeper to widower or kitchen work; thoroughly capable. Apply 105 Catherine street. R *

Doctor

THE MODERN and scientific methods employed in my practice such as electric light rays, neuropathy, chiropractic, massage, hygiene, are in accord with nature and will improve and restore your health. Dr. Adolf O. Steinfeldt, Douglas practitioner. Security Building. Tel. 5789; consultat' free. B 17 *

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Stratford Ave., Opp. St. Michael's Cem.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Phone 1396-4. Phone 1396-4

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ARTISTIC—LASTING
Plant operated by pneumatic cutting and polishing tools.
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Formerly with H. E. Bishop
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Phone 6848-3
Residence, 275 Black Rock Ave.

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Undertakers and Embalmers
No. 105 State St., Bridgeport, Ct.
All calls, day or night, answered from office. George B. Hawley, 113 Washington Terrace; Edward H. Wilmot, 805 Clinton Ave.

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181-197 Stratford Ave.
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Branch Office, 409 Hancock Ave. Phone 889

Customs officials at Brownville, Tex., fixed at \$2 the limit of value of foodstuffs Mexicans may take into Mexico.

Governor Whitman commuted to life imprisonment the death sentence of Antonio Giordino, convicted of murder.

SCHOOL

THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, 336 Fairfield Ave. College preparatory; technical and professional schools, civil service, Hotchkiss Hill, etc. Elementary and advanced subjects—personal work with every student. Enrollment now the best preparation for summer examinations or next year's work. R 6 b *

YOUNG LADIES, 16 to 23, education 8th grade grammar school or equivalent, to learn telephone operating. Dollar a day for 4 weeks. Rapid advancement thereafter. Permanent positions. Apply at 184 Fairfield Ave. Ask for Miss Wheeler. The Southern New England Telephone Co. D 6 *tf

Female Help Wanted

WANTED—Girl for general housework; small family. Apply 509 Clinton Ave. D 28 u *

WANTED—School girls during vacation on light pleasant work. Warren Bros. Co., Call at Employment Office, corner Lafayette and Gregory Streets. D 9 *tf

Help Wanted Male

WANTED—Two boys. Rockwell & Ford, 114 Grand St. D 23 b *

LABORERS WANTED at the Wheeler & Howes Co., steady employment and good wages. D 10 *tf

For Sale.

FOR SALE—A horse. C. Strolen, R. F. D., No. 2, Bridgeport, Stratfield District.

FOR SALE—An 8 room cottage, 84 Monroe St. Black Rock, all improvements. D 28 a *

FOR SALE at bargain nine room house, 3-4 acre land, all fruits. North Bridgeport. Address Bargain, Care Farmer. D 24 a *

CAPITAL AVENUE, 2 family 12 room house, all improvements, electric light, bargain, \$5,500; worth \$6,000. Watson, 88 Fairfield Ave.

FOR SALE—Twenty horsepower boiler, frame building and seven-five chestnut trees. Phone 4680. 1099 State St. D 21 d *

\$500 CASH buys a 14 room house, excellent location for rooming house. If interested call, write or phone L. Weiss, 1493 Main St., Tel. 2743-2. R 25 a *

FOR SALE—3 three family houses situated on Grand St. price \$18,000; 5 rooms to each floor, all improvements; mortgage \$8,800. Address H. C. Care of Farmer. D 28 d *

FOR SALE—An 8 room house in Stratford, containing all modern conveniences; large lot with nice fruit trees. This is a splendid home at a moderate price. Can be bought on pretty easy terms. D. R. Whitney, 83 Fairfield avenue. D 27 *

FOR SALE—Park St. Paradise Green, a nice 6 room cottage, all improvements, minutes to trolley. \$2,500; cash, \$1,000, balance mortgage. W. W. Beers, Stratford. D 10 a *

FOR SALE—Restaurant, good locality and good reason for selling. Call 1338-13. R 15 a *

FOR SALE—Nine room house in West End, on easy payments. Address House, Care Farmer. U 27 *tf

FOR SALE—One large safe, practically new, bargain, see P. Anderson, 306 Fairfield Ave. U 17 *

BIG BARGAIN FOR C. C. BUYER.—\$3,500 cash buys a business block, with all improvements in a desirable location. Has an income of \$1,500 per year. Will sell for \$11,500; \$8,000 to remain on mortgage. If interested, call, write or phone L. Weiss, 1438 Main street. Tel. 2743-2. R 26 a *

GENTLEMAN'S FARM—150 acres, trout brook, water fall, small pond, house 11 rooms, bath, large poultry plant, 1,200 laying hens; fruit, high and healthful, large barns, tobacco on land and barns, horses, cows, sheep swine, self stock tools, machinery, etc. Fairfield county. Archibald C. Foss, 304 Madison Avenue, New York City. D 23 p *

FOR SALE—Two family house, 10 rooms, Randall avenue; rents \$350; price \$2,850, mortgage \$1,400. 2 family house, 12 rooms, Shelton street, price \$6500. 2 family house, Hewitt street, 18 rooms, rents \$1340, price \$8,000. Double house, 14 rooms, Maple street, mortgage, \$4,000, price \$7,500. 2 family house, East End, Davenport avenue, mortgage \$2,600, price \$5,250. All mortgage business properties, paying excellent returns. P. Anderson, 306 Fairfield avenue. D 23 a *

Advertise in The Farmer

To Rent

TO RENT—Above St. Vincent's hospital, five room flat with barn if desired. J. H. Keenan, 125 Harmony. Telephone 362-12. R 27 r *

Ambulances

AMBULANCES—Invalid care and limousines. Charges reasonable. James T. Rourke, 1295 Main street. Phone 1661. D 7 d *

Automobiles

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS ATTENTION: We can save you money on your automobile, fire and liability insurance. Give us a chance to figure before you insure elsewhere. Zaimon Goodsell & Co., No. 1094 Main street. Phone No. 31. S 2 a *

Awnings and Sail Maker

SAILS, AWNINGS, COAL BAGS, Spray Hoods, Canvas Covers, Rope Splicing. Geo. L. Harrington, 175 East Main street. Tel. 5948. D 16 c *

Clairvoyants

MRS. LEVY, readings 25c and 50c. Telephone 5552. 1153 Madison avenue, formerly of 674 Madison avenue. D 15 *tf

JEWELRY

DIAMONDS on credit—Diamonds, watches and solid gold. Exclusively designed jewelry. Weekly payments. Will call. Hotchkiss, 425 State St. downtown. R 9 *tf

Foot Specialist

DR. MANFIELD, FOOT SPECIALIST, 1107, Main street, over Dillon's, cures bunions, callouses pared, 50 cents. I still practice the famous Mansfield Method which cures. Open afternoons and Sundays. D 18 d *

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SCALLY BROS., 105 STATE ST. Largest dealers of second hand furniture in the state. We pay more than others; we have no rent to pay. D 10 a *

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DAMAGE IS ABOUT ALL fire can do to your property. Insurance costing 1-3c a day protects you. All the particulars at D. B. Booth & Co., Conn. Bank Building. S 15 *tf

Inventors

WANTED—Inventors to send for one of my booklets on U. S. and Foreign patent. Mercer D. Blondel, Patent Solicitor, Conn. National Bank Building. B 27 *tf

Merchants' Exchange

Edwin Smith & Co. Dealers in guns, fishing tackle and sporting goods. Keys fitted, locks repaired, saws filed, door checks put on and repaired talking machines, electric and light repairing of all kinds at Smith's Gun Store, 55 Wall St., Tel. 4293-3. G 15 d *

RUBBER STAMPS

made by us are reliable, we carry a complete line of stamps, supplies, ink pads, date, rubber type, etc. The Schwedert Stamp Co., 41 Cannon St. G 15 d *

Shoe Repairing

GOODYEAR SHOE REPAIRING CO., 76 John St., and 945 East Main street. No connection with other so-called Goodyear Shops. We call and deliver. Tel. 1391. Winfield S. Black, Prop. U 1 *tf

ENGRAVED Wedding Announcements

100 complete with two sets of envelopes for \$6.50. Southworth's, 10 Arcade. L 19 *tf

Stoves Repaired

STOVES REPAIRED, all kinds supplies, all makes, pipes, grates, bricks, etc. Charges reasonable. 1715 Main St. Phone 2344-4. G 8 *tf

Unclassified

AGENTS—Our household specialties are big sellers; labor savers for housewives. Call or write. Write for free booklet. The Powell Co., Box 144, B.B., Boston, Mass. U 8 s * 6 s *

HATCHING EGGS FOR SALE—S. C. White Leghorns, \$1.50 for 15. White Plains Poultry Farm, Postoffice Box 105, Trumbull, Conn. U 10 a *

WHITE WYANDOTTE EGGS

\$2 and \$5 per setting from prize winning stock. Day old chicks 20c. J. J. Lynch, 466 Fairview Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. S 4 b *

HATCHING EGGS—S. C. Buff Orpingtons from the world's best strain, Owen Farm stock, \$2.50 for 15; S. C. White Leghorns, Barron strain, \$1.00 per 15. Hollister Heights Poultry Yard, Thompson St., Box 208, Stratford. U 22 b *

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WE WILL COVER and furnish all material for 5 piece parlor suit, guarantee all workmanship as first class, ten patterns to select from for \$12 to \$15. See "Bros., 405 State street. I 8 *tf

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SAFES—New and second hand; office and house sizes. Walter S. Marsh, 192 Fairfield Ave. A 27 *tf

WANTED

SECRETARIAL POSITION BY YOUNG WOMAN

EXPERIENCED AND THOROUGHLY CAPABLE

INQUIRE. S. J. W. CARE FARMER

SEWALKS

TAR AND CEMENT SEWALKS and roofing, blue stone and cement curbs, sand and gravel. Estimates cheerfully given. Thomas Broderick contractor. Phone 7139, 1365 North Ave. R 18 u *

Physical Treatment

LOUIS F. NUTTING, physical treatments by heat, electricity or manipulation. Rooms 309-310, City Savings Bank, 952 Main street. Office hours: week days 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. R 1 *tf

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LOST—Boston brindle bull puppy natural ear, screw tail, white chest. Finder please notify H. B. Ellis, 1130 Laurel Avenue, phone 5016. Reward. D 23 b *

Positions Wanted

SITUATION WANTED—Second work in small family or will take care of elderly person; references furnished. Call 319-2, Milford. D 23 d *

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Wants position with private family; 4 years' experience; repair own car. Address, 1113 Stratford avenue. V. M. Farley. D 15 d *

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wishes position as housekeeper in small family. Address A. A. 42, Fourth St. D 14 d *

YOUNG MARRIED MAN

would like a position as express driver in sober and honest and reliable. Address to V. E. Runyon, 612 Warren St., City. D 10 d *

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Position by refined elderly lady as housekeeper or companion. Address 59 Ridgewood Place. D 25 a *

WANTED

Position as plumber or steamfitter; 10 years' experience; willing to do any kind of work. Apply Louis Ribach, Care of General Delivery, East Side Station. D 3 d *

WANTED

Position on farm with house rent by married man. Address T. J. Rabideau, General Delivery, City. R 8 s *

WANTED POSITION

as violinist, will also take a few violin pupils. Daniel Callett, 483 Arctic St., Bridgeport. S 28 d *

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By man and wife, place as coachman and housework. Call 181 Orland street. R 2 d *

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Any kind of work by man not a student of law, 1518 Seaview Ave., 2nd floor. U 17 d *

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Woman about 40 wants position to do general housework, no pastry. N. E. Care of General Delivery, Post Office. U 18 d *

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Situation as waitress in private family or taking care of aged or convalescent. Tel. 319-2, Milford. U 11 d *

HANDY MAN

with tools desired as situation, has been a travelling man for years. L. Hawkhurst, 34 Thompson St., Fort Trumbull Beach, Milford, Conn. B 23 d *